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Twas a very odd night indeed, my studies at the famed Lycaeum had continued long into the night, and I was tired indeed.

I began the walk back to my lodgings (the Sorcerors Guild) at quarter past the hour of twelve. The night air was certainly cold, the sharp wind coming South from Dagger Isle.

I t was then I heard an awful sound indeed, the sound of a great wolf, howling in the forest to my side, I am ashamed to say that I panicked and ran from the great beast !

I ran faster than e'er I had before, I glanced back once to see the great black outline of the creature, I could see the glint of its teeth in the moonlight and hear its panting breath mere yards from my horribly vulnerable back.

I saw the lights of East Farm not far ahead of me and I screamed for the farmer, Aidon, to come to my aid, I ran fast, but was losing my stamina, whilst that of my lupine attacker seemed to grow by the minute, he was much closer

now.

I heard Aidon shout to me;

"Quickly lass, a little closer and I shall fell him with my bow !"

I ran as if the very master of Oblivion was at my heals, which I was soon to discover, it was...

As Aidon fired his bow (he is a Master shot) I heard a strangled scream behind me, instinctively I turned, and to my horror saw the body of a local man, a hermit, who lived along the South Coast. An arrow protuding from his chest.

"Aidon! You missed the beast!" I cried,

"Nay, I did not, I saw the arrow hit meself" he was standing beside me.

"But ... " I stopped short, as Aidon took my arm and led me to his house.

"Ye will stay here till daybreak Milady, they o'fen seek revenge for the loss of one of their number".

I was left to sleep in the spare room that eve, but I could not sleep - the memory of what Aidon had said when I asked "Who is 'they' Aidon?" rang in my ears.

He had replied with one sentence;

"Werewolves,
milady, werewolves."

The next day I left
Moonglow, and have
not returned in nearly
15 years.